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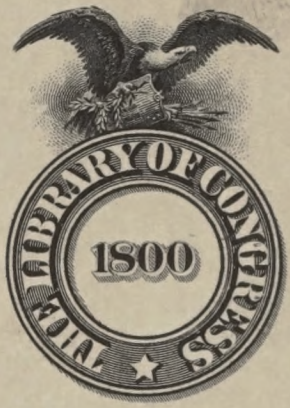
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND of LIMITLESS GOOD

SARAH ASHTON HUGHES



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The Beautiful Land of Limitless Good

By

SARAH ASHTON HUGHES

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BY
SARAH ASHTON HUGHES

Gift
Author
1918

TO YOU

AND TO ALL THE DEAR CHILDREN OF ALL NATIONS AND CLIMES THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

—Author.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF LIMITLESS GOOD

THIS is the story of a little maiden who liked to think.

One day she heard the fragrant spring breezes singing about The Beautiful Land of Limitless Good, and she thought, and thought, and then she ran down into a woodsy park near by and climbed up into the branches of a green sycamore tree—and then thought, and thought, and wondered where this Land could be.

She wondered what "Limitless" meant, and then she said, "I know what City Limits means, it means this far and no farther, but Limitless, Limitless—"

Just then a little golden oriole flew down from among the branches and whispered, "Without limitations forever, and ever, and ever."

Then the little maiden jumped out of her perch and clapped her hands and said, "Oh, I am so happy, I am so glad, I know what Limitless means—for it means that the Beautiful Land of Limitless

Good is forever, and ever, and ever."

And then as she danced among the daisies she caught up her little skirt with her fingers, and she saw that she wore a beautiful dancing gown like the ones the young ladies wear when they dance "The dance of the wood nymphs." She had on little white satin slippers with tiny gold buckles, and as she clapped her hands and danced around, the little gown looked like a pink cloud.

Then she ran toward a beautiful green archway, formed by two branches leaning over

to whisper to each other, and anyone who wished could go through this beautiful arch, for there was no gate there.

As the little maiden passed through, a bluebird flew close to her and said, "This is the Beautiful Land of Limitless Good." And she clapped her hands and said, "Oh, I am so happy, I am so glad."

Then she ran down into a field of wild blossoms where the bees were humming, and the birds were singing, and two beautiful butterflies with wings of brown and black, tinged with purple and yellow

fluttered down and settled one on either shoulder, and fastened there a bunch of blossoms—some as blue as the sky, and others as pink as her little gown, and before they flew away they told the little maiden that these blossoms were from the seeds of love and care which she had given them, and that she could keep these blossoms forever, and ever, and ever. And the little maiden said, "Oh, then they are limitless."

Then she sipped honey with the bees and made wreathes and garlands, and soon she

heard the mamma birds in the tree tops calling the baby birdies to their nests, and she knew that it was rest time.

So she ran to a big tree and jumped upon the trunk, and there she found a little nest just her size, and she cuddled down with her little cheek against the silvery bark and her little arms around the branches, and smiled and rested, and the stars came twinkling out one by one.

Far up in the tree, above the little maiden, was a hole in the trunk, and there a wise old owl blinked his eyes and

watched. Out in a clear space of moonlight a little gray cloud of baby mosquitoes in blue jersies and gray jackets were playing ring-around-the-rosy.

Soon they spied the little maiden and flew toward her. Just then the old owl scratched the bark of the tree with his big claw, and four little bats with fur caps and silken gowns flew down and immediately the mosquitoes scampered back to their playground in the clear space of moonlight.

The old owl looked satisfied and said he wanted to sing, but

he would wait until the little maiden could hear him, for he knew she would like to hear him sing. Then as a faint tinge of pink appeared in the dawn, the owl said "To-whit, to-whit, to-who,—to-whit, to-whit, to-you," and then popped back into his nest just as the little maiden looked up and laughed, and said, "Oh, he looked like a Cuckoo Clock." And the owl heard what she said, and he was so happy, because he knew she loved the Cuckoo Clock.

Then the mamma birds began to sing their baby birdies

awake, and the little maiden sprang from her nest, and when she saw the blossoms all pink, and purple, and crimson, and blue, and the glistening diamond dewdrops, and the golden sunlight, she said, "Oh, this is morning and I am so glad for now I can learn more, and see more, in the Beautiful Land of Limitless Good."

Then she walked down a wide green, leafy pathway and came to a little house among the trees, and a tiny white bird, like a snowflake, flew down from the tree tops and told her that this was a

"Movie House," and that she could go in and sit anywhere she pleased, and that right in front of her she would see a little silken cord, and when she wished to see a picture just to jerk the cord and the picture would appear, and then to look for these letters underneath the picture—

"R-I-G-H-T T-H-O-T"

And if she did not see these letters, to jerk the cord quickly for without these letters it would not be a true, real picture.

So the little maiden went in and sat down and soon she saw

the silken cord, and she felt a little afraid, but she jerked the cord, and there a picture appeared which looked like the trunk of a tree. It was long and striped and black, and she thought it looked like a whale. Then she remembered what the little bird told her about the letters underneath, and she looked, but they were not there.

So she jerked the cord quickly and there appeared a beautiful girl with a gown like the one she wore, only it was white and she wore a crown, and in her hand she

had a scepter, and on the scepter were these letters—

"P-E-A-C-E,"

and as she waved it toward the little maiden she was not afraid any more, and the beautiful girl danced and waved her scepter again.

Then the little maiden jerked the cord and there appeared another beautiful girl with a dress of canary yellow, and she had no crown, but she had a scepter with a garnet point, and on the scepter were these letters—

"H-A-P-P-I-N-E-S-S,"

and at the point of the scepter

"J-O-Y,"

and when she waved it toward the little maiden they both laughed merrily, and the little maiden thought she had never had such a good time in her life.

Then she jerked the cord again, and there was a little brown house, and under the eaves were these letters made of acorns—

"U-N-D-I-S-T-U-R-B-E-D
H-A-R-M-O-N-Y."

A Teddy Bear stood in front of the house, fast asleep, his little paws hung limply down and his little head on his chest,

and when the little maiden saw the letters she said, "Oh, this is the little Teddy Bear that doesn't care how many times you wake him up." So she laughed and the Teddy Bear opened his eyes and jumped through the keyhole into his house, and as the little maiden wondered how such a big Teddy Bear could jump through such a little keyhole, he reached out his paw and pulled in the slats from around the keyhole. Then he jumped out, and then jumped back in, so that she might see just how this was done.

Then he shook his little paw out through the chimney, and then came out and danced a "Teddy Bear Dance" around the little house, then jumped back through the keyhole and appeared at the window and waved a bunch of grapes at the little maiden. Then she said, "It's Teddy Bear's eating time."

So she jerked the cord and there—Oh, Oh, OH! There was a group of children playing in a snowbank. They were making snowmen, and snowhouses, and playing snowball, and tumbling in the snowbank.

Soon two little rosy-faced girls with bobbed hair ran and jumped into a sled, and another little girl called out to them, "Oh, Virginia, Oh Daisy, are you going." And the two little girls said, "Yes, Ruth, tell Robert to go and get the ponies."

Then a cunning little rollicking boy left the snowman which he had just finished, and went behind the snowbank and brought out two laughing, jolly girls. He led them by ribbons and as they pranced he called out, "Whoa Dorothy! Whoa Marjorie!" Then

he fastened them to the sled with ribbons and jumped in and away they all went.

Then the little maiden jerked the cord again and there was a beautiful panel picture of fruit—grapes—white grapes, and purple grapes, and bananas, and pineapples, and cocoanuts, and grape juice, and she said, "Why it's nearly my lunch time." And she clapped her hands for all the pretty pictures and said, "I am so happy, I am so glad," and as she did so she caught her fingers in the cord, and there appeared a golden panel, and

across it these letters made of snowballs

"G-R-A-T-I-T-U-D-E."

And she said, "That's just how I feel."

So then she went out among the trees and she heard music. She had heard flutes, and lutes and nightingales, but she had never heard any music so beautiful as this before.

It led her to a clump of green trees, and she saw underneath a party of children. They were singing, and as they saw her they caught her up in their arms and tossed her up among the green leafy

branches. As she dropped into a hammock made of vines, and swaying gently in the breeze, she looked above her and saw these letters of shining leaves hanging in a silvery web—

"T-H-E
M-E-R-R-Y M-A-K-E-R-S
O-F
H-A-R-M-O-N-Y'S
N-E-S-T

Just then one of the little Merry Makers brought her a basket piled high with grapes —blue grapes, and purple grapes, and bananas, and pineapples, and cocoanuts, and

grape juice, and she ate, and ate, and then she heard the Merry Makers singing—

"Love is thy mantle, and
Love be thy rest,
Swing gently, sleep sweetly,
In Harmony's Nest."

And now we will be still and wait for another morning in The Beautiful Land of Limitless Good.

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